Be winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke. Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Yorke*.
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother moekes both you and me,

Becauſe that I am litle like an *Ape*.
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord *Protector* will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* angry ghoſt:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt. Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſmanet. Biſh. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle prating Yorke,
Whas not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate toyall of this famous Ile?
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley, what will he?